



NO. 27
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73/CDC

The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

**ALL
NEW**



a Hanna-Barbera
Production



RAY
DIEGO

00748

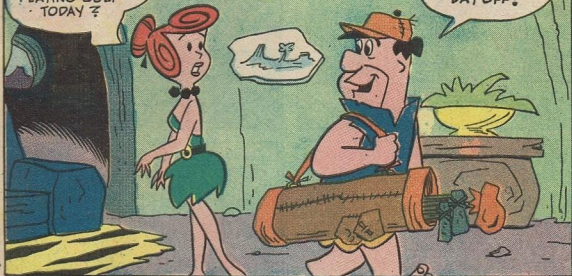
The FLINTSTONES

in Fredricka Flintstone???

GLEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

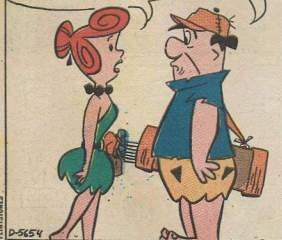
FRED, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF PLAYING GOLF TODAY?

YES, WILMA, THIS IS MY DAY OFF!

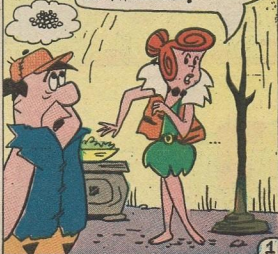


WELL I'M SORRY, FRED! MRS. SLATE JUST CALLED, SHE MOVED UP HER FASHION SHOW AND TEA FOR THIS AFTERNOON!

SO..



IF SHE WASN'T YOUR BOSS'S WIFE, I WOULDN'T GO! I HAD SO MUCH TO DO TODAY SO YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT FOR ME!



FLINTSTONES

D-5654

THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 4, No. 27, December, 1973, published every six weeks by Charlton Publications, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.60 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1973, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.





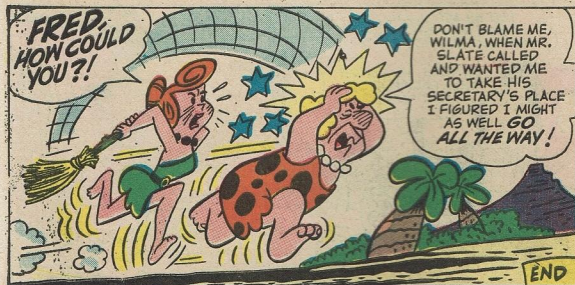


..AND THIS IS MISS GRAVEL IN A LOVELY COTTON PRINT! AND OUR NEXT MODEL...



OH DEAR!! MISS... MISS.. MISS WHO, PLEASE?

MRS. FREDRICKA FLINTSTONE!



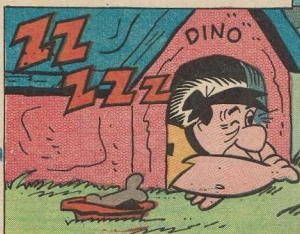
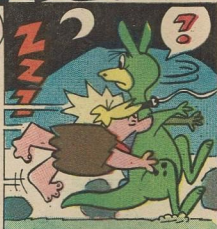
FRED, HOW COULD YOU?!

DON'T BLAME ME, WILMA, WHEN MR. SLATE CALLED AND WANTED ME TO TAKE HIS SECRETARY'S PLACE I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL GO ALL THE WAY!

END

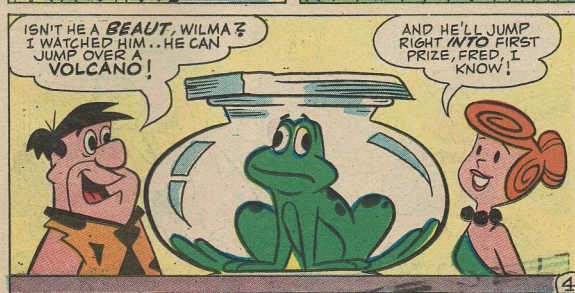
The FLINTSTONES[®] IN

ONE JUMP BACK!











THE DAY OF THE BIG CONTEST...

WE HAVE GREAT CONFIDENCE
IN YOU, FROG, YOU CAN
WIN THIS IN ONE JUMP!

YES
YOU
CAN,
LOVE!



**THEY'RE
OFF!**

CROAK
CROAK



HEY, FROG, YOU'RE
GOIN' THE WRONG WAY!



CROAK!

EEK!

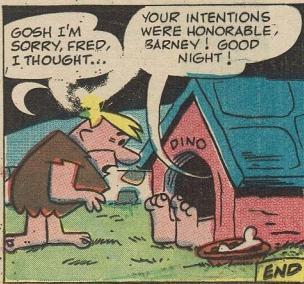


**GET THIS
STUPID FROG OUT!**

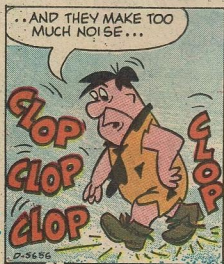


GOSH I'M
SORRY, FRED,
I THOUGHT...

YOUR INTENTIONS
WERE HONORABLE,
BARNEY! GOOD
NIGHT!



The Flintstones **CLOD** HOPPERS



The FLINTSTONES ⁱⁿ EGG HEAD!

GREAT BREAKFAST, WILMA!
THAT PTERODACTYL EGG
WAS *DELICIOUS*!

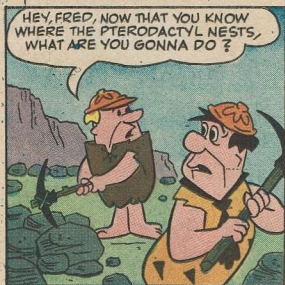
I KNOW YOU LIKE THEM, FRED,
SO I STRETCHED OUR BUDGET
THIS WEEK TO BUY YOU ONE!

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIEGO

WHY STRETCH OUR BUDGET?
I SEE PLENTY OF THEM IN
THE MARKET. MATTER OF
FACT THEY'RE OVER-STOCKED!

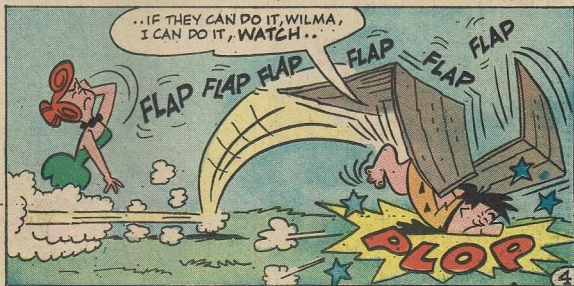
SURE THEY'RE OVER-STOCKED,
FRED! DO YOU KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE THEY'RE *EXPENSIVE*
THAT'S WHY!

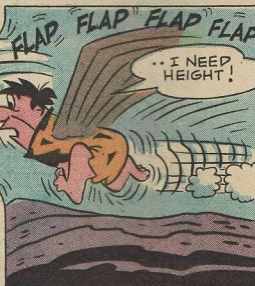
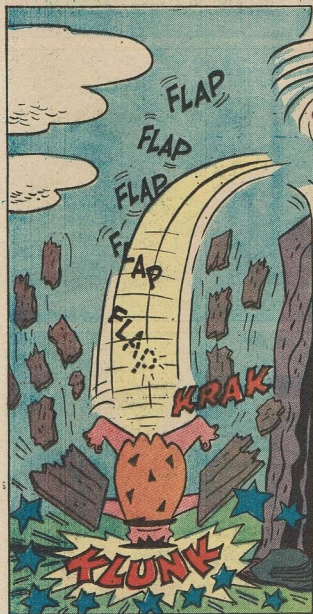




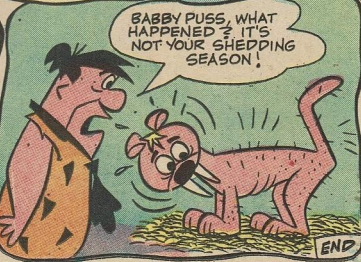
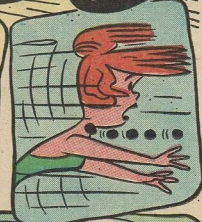
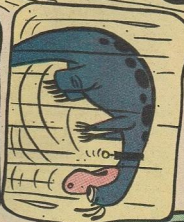
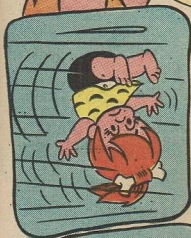
NEXT DAY...







The FLINTSTONES



BLACKBOARD

My first appointment as a teacher was to P. S. 45. Which was located on the east side of our city. I was young, full of energy, and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher. I taught there for five years. Then went to a Junior High School. Which was a promotion for me. Only big trouble with teaching is that you come up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You never were taught about their existence or how to handle them by the Professors in the Education courses.

Every Friday afternoon we had a period called: "Puzzle Time." Each boy and girl in the class had to first write at home the puzzle or riddle that they were going to ask their classmates. I will admit some of them were very old. In fact, even when I was a boy they were old. Take this one, given by Frank:

"What has four feet and flies? That's all to my puzzle," he said.

"I know, I know," shouted Marie. "I read all about it in the book my aunt gave me for my birthday. A horse with wings. Name is Pegasus."

Now what happened was that Frank had never expected this answer at all. And neither had I. Frank was quick to react.

"That's correct. Marie has the right answer. But there is another answer. Who knows it?"

There was silence for a few minutes. Then Jimmy raised his hand.

"If instead of wheels on an airplane you put four feet, then it would be correct to say you had something with four feet that flies."

Frank thought this answer over and then looked at me. I nodded my head in the affirmative.

"Correct also," he finally admitted. "But there is still another answer. Who knows it?"

Suddenly Donald began to laugh. He raised his hand.

"I know the correct answer. A horse in a stable where there are flies. The horse has four feet and flies. Some joke."

Frank told him this was the answer and then sat down. Since Donald had the correct solution he was next to give his puzzle.

"A man is driving his car. He stops at a roadside place where they sell fresh fruits. He is a very strong man. He gets out of his car. Goes over to where they sell apples. There is a sign that reads 'Three pounds.'

Below this sign is a bushel basket filled with nice fresh red apples. He likes apples. But he doesn't lift the basket and take it to his car. Why?"

This one definitely was a brain challenger. Even this teacher hadn't heard that one before. Nor could figure out the answer.

Elaine raised her hand. She had a solution for the puzzle.

"Even though he was a strong man maybe on that day he didn't feel very well. Had a breakfast that didn't agree with him. Like what I ate last Tuesday morning. So he felt weak. That's why he didn't lift up the basket full of apples."

"Could be, could be," said Donald. "But this man had a very good breakfast. And he felt very strong. Why didn't he lift up that bushel of apples?"

Tommy raised his hand. He had a contribution to make. Maybe it would be the correct solution.

"There were crooks in the village. Called Apple Stealers. They would look for apples to steal. So this, man who sold apples had to protect himself. He chained down the bushel of apples. That made it impossible for the man to lift the bushel of apples. He forgot to ask the man to first unlock the lock and then remove the chain."

One look at Donald's face and I could see that he had never expected this kind of response to his puzzle.

"Not the answer I want. It is very simple. I just got a nice new ball point pen. Here it is. I put it on the table. The winner gets this as a prize. I challenge anybody here to give the answer." This really got my class working their brain cells. Then Theresa jumped up from her seat.

"I know the correct answer and I can even prove it by our teacher. This summer I went with my parents on a tour. We went to England, France, Germany and Italy. It was wonderful. I liked England very much. Except when it was rainy and foggy. In England their money is different than our money. We have dimes, quarters, half dollars and paper money. Like a dollar bill or a five dollar bill. They have pence, shillings, and pounds. So that the sign 'Three pounds' meant how much it cost. That certainly was too much money for a bushel of apples. That's why the man didn't lift it up. Please give me my pen. I am the winner."

P. S. Donald handed her the pen and the class all applauded.

THE FLINTSTONES

PLAY BALL! ?!

FRED, WILL YOU COME OUT WITH ME AND SEE WHAT I'M DOING WRONG WITH MY PUTTING!

SURE, BARNEY, I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO AN EXPERT!

NO, NO, BARNEY, YOU'RE HITTING IT TOO HARD!

SO THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING WRONG!



OWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIERO



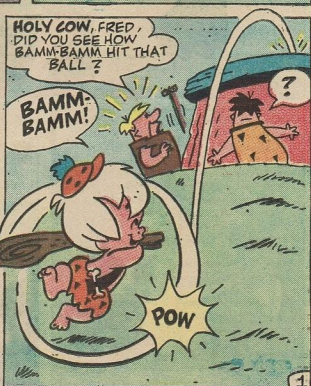
BAMM-BAMM! WILL YOU HIT THAT GOLF BALL BACK TO ME!



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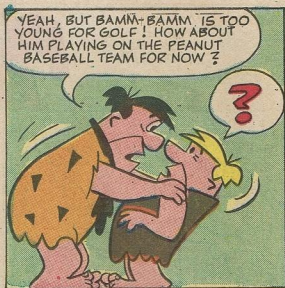
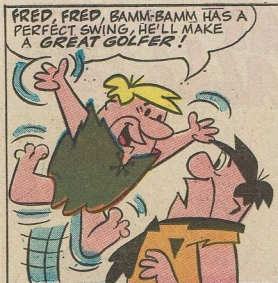
HOLY COW, FRED, DID YOU SEE HOW BAMM-BAMM HIT THAT BALL?

BAMM-BAMM!



POW

1



IF IT WILL MAKE YOU
HAPPY, BARNEY, HAVE
BAMM-BAMM PLAY BALL
WITH THOSE MIDGETS!

THEY'RE NOT
... OH WELL!
BETTY, YOU'LL
BE PROUD OF HIM!

BAMM-BAMM IS A **NATURAL**,
IZZY EINSTONE, HE
COULD HELP YOU WIN
THE PENNANT!

WELL...

OK, MR. RUBBLE, BAMM-
BAMM WILL BE OUR
DESIGNATED HITTER!
NOW I HAVE A FAVOR
TO ASK OF YOU!

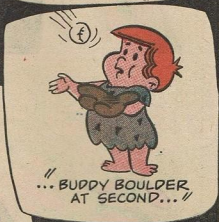
GREAT!
IZZY,
WHAT IS
IT?

WE'RE SHORT OF UMPIRES!
CAN YOU GET MR. FLINTSTONE TO
UMPIRE OUR NEXT GAME?

I
SURE!
WILL!

I'D BE HAPPY TO HELP
OUT, BARNEY, WHEN DID
YOU SAY I'LL UMPIRE?

I DIDN'T! BUT THAT IZZY IS A
SHREWD ONE! HE'S CALLING A
PRACTICE GAME TOMORROW AND
I THINK HE'S GOING TO TRY US OUT!





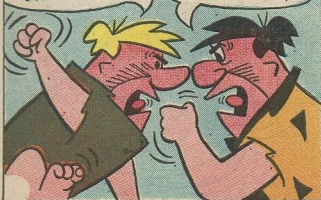
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STRIKE ONE!

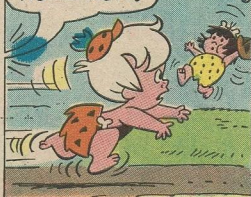


YOU'RE BLIND AS A BAT! THAT...

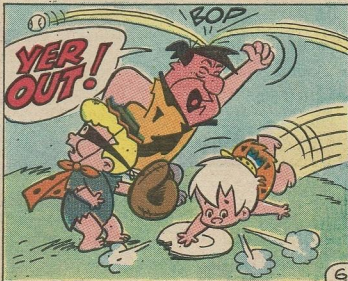
ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU, CHUMP, AND I'LL THROW YOU IN A CAVE WITH A DOZEN DRAGONS!



IT'S OVER SUZY QUARTZ'S HEAD! IT'LL BE A HOME RUN!

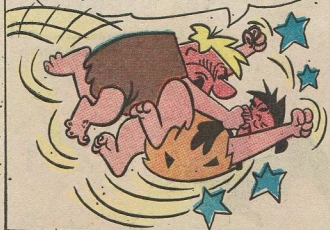


C'MON, BAMM-BAMM, RUN! RUN! YOU CAN MAKE IT!



YER OUT!

ROBBER! ROBBER!
TAKE THAT AND THAT...



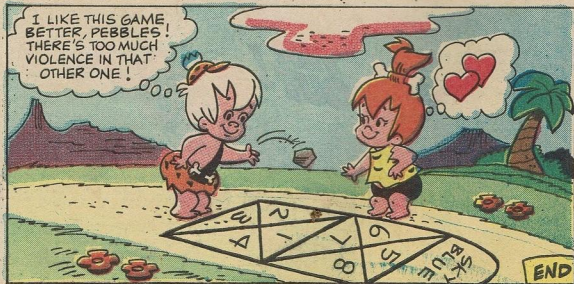
FRED FLINTSTONE,
DON'T YOU EVER
SPEAK TO US AGAIN!!



C'MON, PEBBLES,
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE!



I LIKE THIS GAME
BETTER, PEBBLES!
THERE'S TOO MUCH
VIOLENCE IN THAT
OTHER ONE!



END